

Whole No. 525

100

try shall, besides a retreat for the exiled and de-
praved, be the same enlightened spot as New Eng-
land, but should deprecate every device to mislead
or pamper the roving appetite of those ignorant of
the true issue.

May those possessed of a voice and an influence
to bear upon a subject of such moment be diligent,
rightly to use the talent entrusted with them, by
giving a word of caution in due season.

Such observations as these will not fail to elicit
a hearty response from all; especially will every
honest farmer acquiesce in their truth and whole-
some aptness to the present times.

Will you not then strive to subvert, to ex-
pose error, or relieve misapprehension by adminis-
tering in season and out of season the charm
inveigles of the snare entanglements, a salutary
remonition.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.—The Far West in
many sections is a beautiful country and possesses
great advantages; but the emigrant to that new
region must experience many privations and endure
hardships. A young man may there turn his in-
dustry and economy to good account for future
years; the consequence may be smiling plenty.
But a man with a family should never move there
till he has first gone and looked himself out a place
and weighed well the disadvantages as well as ad-
vantages of taking a long and expensive journey.
Many a family that had lived well in New Eng-
land, have found themselves in the rich and char-
ming West, settled down in solitude and want, suf-
fering from numerous privations, and sickness, de-
pressed and discouraged, and like the Scotchman
who was tired of trouble and vexation in this coun-
try, wishing, "to gang home." We once saw a fam-
ily beyond the Alleghany Mountains, from Down
East, going to the West. They were farmers, and
a few years before, had been offered nine thousand
dollars for their property; but they were attacked
with the Ohio Fever, and sold their lands cheap,
paid high for horses, spent much in moving, had
gone nine hundred miles, and were then poor, sell-
ing their goods to enable them to move on towards
the land that flowed with milk and honey. That is
but a picture of what others may be.—*Boston Cal-
civator.*

TOM TRICK.

(Concluded from last page.)

But there was nothing there. The place
where Hannah came so often, was sad and
deserted. George had a presentiment which
he could not account for. He continued his
way in a thoughtful mood, and followed with a
careless eye the fantastic figures which the
clouds painted upon the mountains. The
morning, which dawned so clearly and bright-
ly, was already overcast with a gray veil, and
the distant echoes told in the ear of George
the first rumbling of the thunder. This sound
roused him from his reverie; he redoubled his
pace, and soon saw the cascade of Stone By-
res; this sight re-animating his courage. He
reached himself for his vain fears, and
walked cheerfully to the village. He would
have gone into the room where Hannah was,
when a hand touched his shoulder, and pre-
vented his going further. George turned
round. He saw an old man, who turned to-
wards the fire, and beckoned him to follow.

It was John Care.

The old man sat down. George seated
himself near him, and heard these terrible
words uttered from his broken heart;

Hannah is dying!

George overcame could not speak a word.
Only, with an inquiring gesture, pointed to
the adjoining room.

Yes, said the old man, she is there. She
sleeps.

Oh! it is dreadful, exclaimed George.
But, no! it is impossible. She is sick, but
she will recover—is it not so? The physi-
cian—

Has given her over, Mr. George. Never-
theless, come, go and see her. Ah! you
have done well, I think, in coming to-day.

George followed old John Care in silence.
A cold mist dimmed his eyes, and violent
grief racked his head. Soon the curtains
were withdrawn, and he saw Hannah.

Pain had wrinkled her temples, and turned
the bright roses of her cheeks to a livid hue.
She was terribly emaciated. Her breathing
was short and abrupt. At every respiration it
seemed that a part of her soul fled away.

Still she was beautiful. The most skillful
painter never conceived any thing more heav-
enly, more poetic, than the pale and imma-
nent countenance of Hannah, during this si-
lent agony. We might see the pitiless wings
of death hovering over that virgin brow, and
that brow was calm and serene, and she smiled
while dying.

George—George! murmured she.

At this word the old man arose, and in a
low voice;

The physician has been unable to tell of
what Hannah is dying? But I—I know it!

You know it? said George, sadly.

Yes, and you also—is it not so? The
poor child has been killed, and by you,
George, by you.

Mercy, John, mercy! cried George, and
let me pray the dying angel to pardon me
this crime! Oh! my remorse has been bit-
terly avenged!

He threw himself upon his knees, and be-
dewed with his tears the sick one's pillow.
Now he seemed to implore God, now he ad-
dressed himself to her, and sought to attract
her attention. He spoke for a long time,
without her seeming to hear him. But by
and by, her eyes opened, and she had the ap-
pearance, while looking at him, of striving to
recall his features, and of seeking that re-
membrance in the heart-rending evocations
of a time long past. Finally she smiled; she
exhibited an innocent and childlike joy, as if
one who recalls an event and a name which
she had forgotten, and exclaimed, seizing
his hands:

Yes, it is true!—it is George.

George covered his face with his hands.

Why do you weep, my friend? Is it be-
cause you love me not—is it that I love not
you? Is it because we are not happy? You
know not, I have been in a dream since you
left—all evil. All horrible! Every one told
me that you would never return, and that you
were dead. Oh! you have no idea of that
agony! But they were false, and you have
returned. They thought, in the village, that
I was sick; and have put me in bed against
my will. But now I will get up; shall I not,
George? and we will go and see the sunbeams
sporting in the falls of the Clyde. It is with
you that I will again see my torments, my for-
sakes, my values! Oh! I will see all again.

Help me now, George, to get up; and once
in the fields, I shall feel strong and well.
Then you will have me no more—you will
follow me, or rather, I will follow you every-
where, do you hear, George, except to the
side of Loch-tall.

You love me, then! cried George, placing
his lips on the cold hand of Hannah. Do you
then, still love me?

I love you.

And I love you, George, except to the
side of Loch-tall.

And I love you, George, except to the
side of Loch-tall.

And I love you, George, except to the
side of Loch-tall.

And I love you, George, except to the
side of Loch-tall.

And I love you, George, except to the
side of Loch-tall.

She uttered these words very low, in a
tone which was not of this world, and which
addressed itself rather to the heart than to the
ear.

Then, followed a chilling, gloomy silence.

Hannah during this moment of feverish ex-
citement, but visibly lost the little strength
which a long sleep had preserved to her.

Her fingers pressed those of George, as by
a nervous contraction, and her lips, becoming
mute suddenly lost that fleeting state, with
which a passing flash of joy had irradiated
them. The poor child gained the knowledge
of happiness from the depths of terrible suf-
fering, the bitter constraint of which would
have stifled her. Her soul had found, in the
tortures of a bodily malady a complete initia-
tion into the secrets of love. Should she
sink under the weight of this revelation, or
should she rise again after the struggle?

She had been near death, but George was
there; she had felt his hand re-warming her
own, his breath had fallen on her brow; was
more needed to rekindle that flame which was
dying, to restore that life which despair was
giving to heaven?

But, the night was a troubled one. It was
a continued and regular succession of favor-
able and unfavorable moments, of sudden
startings, and of calmness without sleep. To-
wards morning, she raised herself up, and ut-
tered a little to recover her reason, and uttered
a prayer in a loud voice. John Care who
slept, heard it not; but George turned towards
her. He was about to speak, when the physi-
cian entered. George awoke John Care, and
both watched Sir Ellice with that anx-
ious and restless look which seeks a favor-
able answer, and fears a sentence of death.

Sir Ellice stood a long time before the bed-
side of Hannah, felt the movement of her
pulse, listened to the beating of her heart,
and counted the quickness of her breathing.

Each awaited his decision in silence. At last
he dropped the hand of Hannah, remained a
few moments absorbed in deep thought, then
turning to John Care:

Be comforted, said he, she will live.

ix.

John Care had rightly divined. The re-
turn of George was the sign of convalescence
of Hannah. The joy of the heart threw new
roses upon that pallid brow. The same
balm acted at the same moment on soul and
body. At the end of a month, old John Care
arranged with George the day of the wedding
and announced it to Hannah.

The young girl at length recovered.
George accompanied her on her first walk.

Where shall we go? said George.

Let us begin, said Hannah, by a visit to
those who have loved us. You have not as-
ked me where was the tomb of your father.
I will guide you thither. Come, let us pray
together.

Silently they walked to the grave-yard.

George, in prostrating himself on that newly
turned earth, felt that grief, once entered into
the soul, forms there a deep gulf, over
which she forever watches, and that the re-
membrance of his father henceforth would be
the dreaded rock where all the visions of his
peace would be broken. This thought terri-
fied him. But when he reflected that this
was only a feeble atonement for all that he
had made Hannah suffer, during the sojourn
of Lucy at Loch-tall, he felt less wretched,
and regained hope and resignation. He wish-
ed immediately to return to John Care.

We have yet a duty to fulfil, said Hannah.

George, you must make amends for all your
neglect.

While saying these words, she pointed to
the road to Loch-tall; but instead of taking
the narrow pass which led directly to the
castle, she took a less trodden path, which
George did not recollect of ever having visited.

Suddenly, his memory awoke. The vision
of the last night which he had passed at
Stone Byres, that fatal accursed night, fell
like a dark shadow on the dawn of his happi-
ness. He recognised that frightful precipice,
where the wheels of the carriage were on
the point of being dashed to pieces—those
massive rocks—those oaks, which crowned
the mountain summits—that road, which
wound like a labyrinth, bounded on one side
by a wall of granite lost in the clouds, on
the other by a gulf where the waters of twenty
torrents fell in foaming cataracts. That road
spoke both to the eye and heart of the young
highlander. In the foliage of the rocks in
the dashing waterfall, in the yawning rocks
there were intelligible voices which told the
history of the past. These evocations plung-
ed him in a sad and silent delirium. They
reached the falls of Corra-Lynn. When they
had descended about thirty feet she showed
him a large stone, upon which an unskillful
hand had rudely traced a well known name.

George uttered that name with a cry of
surprise.

He hath saved thee, said she with an angel's
voice and if you are still here, it is to him I
owe it. And besides, you loved him. I pre-
vented them from throwing him into the tor-
rent.

George's heart was broken. He fell on
his knees before Hannah; for this trait of
touching kindness, had enabled and sanctified
in his eyes. From that moment, Han-
nah was the preferred rival of Lucy. He
would have thanked her; but his voice was
lost in tears.

The poor child had thought of every thing
—even to the burial of Tom Trick.—*Northern
Light.*

Snow Owls.

A writer in the New England Magazine thus
pleasantly describes a white owl:

'But what think you of Owls, good reader?

There is not a more comical sea-fowl than
your owl, to be seen along the shore. Doubt-
ed, Mr. Moderator, say you—"the owl is
no sea-bird, but a most arrant land-lubber."

On Deer Island, in Boston harbor, a person
straying along the shore a few weeks since,
observed on the beach, close to the water,
one of the oddest figures imaginable, for all
the world like unto a little old woman, cut
shorter, most doddily mobbed up in a white
loose gown, and a night cap. There she sat
squat upon the sand hobbling her head up
and down, in a very portentous and ghost
like solemnity, now and then making an odd
sort of a hunch along the shore, something be-
tween a stride and a stumble. Our hero
was struck all of a heap at the sight, not be-
ing able to conjecture, for the life of him,
what Pagan had come to land; and presently
fetching his musket, gave the apparition a
knock down at the first shot. It turned out

to be an enormous Snow Owl, who had come
all the way from the North Pole, to sniff the
sea breezes in Boston harbor! He had been
several days sharking about the island, mak-
ing night hideous, and rising in a fat lent,
upon the products of the sea shore, gobbling
muscles, cracking calm-shells, untwisting
cockles, and picking lobster's pockets. Owls
of ordinary ambition, are content with rats
and mice and such small game, but this was
no common owl. Nevertheless, it would be
somewhat interesting to know what odd af-
fair sent his gravity upon so long a journey.

It is a great rarity to see one of these birds
in our neighborhood. Their home is in the
North, about Hudson's Bay, where in the
neighbourhood of the settlements, they are
known for a piece of right cunning impudence
in following the hunter, and stealing his game
as he shoots it. Stories are told of their vor-
acious capacity, in swallowing partridges and
rabbits whole, which I cannot exactly
vouch for; but it is well known that an owl
commonly despatches his dinner in such a
hurry, as to swallow the feathers and all, of
the bird he is devouring. The indigestible
matter is cast up, rolled into a ball. Where-
ever the owl's nest is found, hundreds of
these pellets are sure to be discovered.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class,
vigilant, never, as a class, indolent. * * * The new
world of ideas; the new views of the relations
of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical
properties and mechanical powers disclosed to the
well informed mind present attractions, which un-
less the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to
counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt
pleasures.—Everett.

Philosophy in Sport.
CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

On gravitation. Weight. The velocity of falling bodies.
At what altitude a body would lose its gravity.

The tower of Babel.—The known velocity of
sound affords the means of calculating distances.
An excursion to Overton well.—An experiment
to ascertain its Depth.—An unwelcome visitor.

The mysterious sister-hood.—An incantation
scene.—A visit to the vicarage.—The magic gal-
lery.—Return to the lodge.

It was about two o'clock, when Mr. Twad-
dleton, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Sey-
mour, joined the children on the lawn.

'Tom,' said his father, 'are you prepared
to commence the proposed examination?'

'Quite ready papa.'

'Then you must first inform me,' said Mr.
Seymour, taking the ball out of Rosa's hand,
'why this ball falls to the ground, as soon as
I withdraw from it the support of my hand?'

'Because every heavy body, that is not
supported, must of course fall.'

'And every light one also, my dear; you
merely assert the fact, without explaining the
reason.'

'Oh! now I understand you; it is owing to
the force of gravity; the earth attracts the
ball, and the consequence is, that they both
come in contact;—is not that right?'

'Certainly; but if the earth attract the ball,
it is equally true that the ball must attract
the earth; for you have, doubtless, learnt
that bodies mutually attract each other: tell
me, therefore, why the earth should not rise
to meet the ball.'

'Because the earth is so much larger and
heavier than the ball.'

'It is, doubtless, much larger, and since
the force of attraction is in proportion to the
mass, or quantity of matter, you cannot be
surprised at not perceiving the earth rise to
meet the ball, the attraction of the latter be-
ing so infinitely small, in comparison with
that of the former, as to render its effect
wholly nugatory; but with regard to the earth
being heavier than the ball, what will you
say when I tell you that it has no weight at
all?'

'No weight at all! oh, now you are trying
to puzzle me, as mamma did last evening,
when she asked me if I could tell her what
an Indian, laden with merchandise, weighs
before she set sail; and as I was proceeding
to inquire the particulars which I supposed
to be necessary for the solution of the prob-
lem, Louisa, who was in the secret, cried
out, "goose! goose!! goose!!! does not she
weigh anchor?'

'Punice fides,' muttered Mr. Twadde-
leton, and casting at Mrs. Seymour a look of re-
monstrance, which was well understood by the
whole party, he exclaimed—

'You alter with us in a double sense,
'That keeps the word of promise to the ear,
'And breaks it to our hope.' * * *

Tom begged that his father would explain
to him how it could possibly be that the earth
should not possess any weight.

'Weight, my dear boy, you will readily un-
derstand, can be nothing more than an effect
arising out of the resisted attraction of a body
for the earth: you have just stated, that all
bodies have a tendency to fall, in conse-
quence of the attraction of gravitation; but if
they be supported, and prevented from ap-
proaching the earth, either by the hand, or
any other appropriate means, their tendency
will be felt, and is called weight.'

Tom understood this explanation, and ob-
served, that 'since attraction was always in
proportion to the quantity of matter, so, of
course, a larger body must be more power-
fully attracted, or be heavier, than a smaller
one.'

'Magnitude, or size, my dear, has nothing
whatever to do with quantity of matter: will
not a small piece of lead weigh more than a
large piece of sponge? In the one case, the
particles of matter may be supposed to be
packed in a smaller compass; in the other,
there must exist a greater number of pores or
interstices.'

'I understand all you have said,' observed
Louisa, 'and yet I am unable to comprehend
why the earth cannot be said to have any
weight.'

'Cannot you discover,' answered Mr. Sey-
mour, 'that, since the earth has nothing to
attract it, it cannot have any attraction to re-
sist, and, consequently, cannot be correctly
said to possess weight?'

The children declared themselves satisfied
with this explanation, and Mr. Seymour pro-
ceeded to put another question: 'since,' con-
tinued he, 'you now understand the nature of
that force by which bodies fall to the earth,
can you tell me the degree of velocity with
which they fall?'

Tom asserted, that the weight of the body,
or its quantity of matter and its distance from
the surface of the earth, must be taken into
account.

Mr. Seymour said, that he perceived the
error under which his children labored, and
that he would endeavor to remove it. 'You
cannot, my dears,' continued he, 'divest your
mind of that erroneous but natural feeling,
that a body necessarily falls to the ground
without the exertion of any force; whereas
the greater the quantity of matter, the greater
must be the force exerted to bring it to the
earth: for instance, a substance which weighs
a hundred pounds will thus require just ten
times more force than one which only weighs
ten pounds; and hence it must follow, that
both will come to the ground at the same mo-
ment; for, although, in the one case, there
is ten times more matter, there is, at the same
time, ten times more attraction to overcome
its resistance; for you have already admitted
that the force of attraction is always in pro-
portion to the quantity of matter: now let us
only for an instant, for the sake merely of
argument, suppose that attraction had been a
force acting without any regard to quantity of
matter, is it not evident that, in such a case,
the body containing the largest quantity would
be the slowest in falling to the earth?'

'I understand you, papa,' cried Tom; 'if
an empty wagon travelled four miles an hour,
and were afterwards so loaded as to have its
weight doubled, it could only travel at the
rate of two miles in the same period, provid-
ed that in both cases the horses exerted the
same strength.'

'Exactly,' said Mr. Seymour; 'and to fol-
low up your illustration, it is only necessary
to state that Nature, like a considerate mas-
ter, apportions the number of horses to the
burthen that is to be moved, so that her loads
whatever may be the weight, always travel
at the same rate; or, to express the fact in
philosophical instead of figurative language,
gravitation, or the force of the earth's attrac-
tion, always increases as the quantity of mat-
ter, and, consequently, that heavy and light
bodies, when dropped together from the same
altitude, must come to the ground at the same
instant of time.'

Louisa had listened with great attention to
this explanation; and although she thorough-
ly understood the argument, yet it appeared
to her at variance with so many facts with
which she was acquainted, that she could not
give implicit credence to it.

'I think, papa,' said the archly smiling girl,
'I could overturn this fine argument by a
very simple experiment.'

'Indeed! Miss Seppie: then pray proceed;
and I think we shall find that the more stren-
uously you oppose it, the more powerful it
will become: but let us hear your objec-
tions.'

'I shall only,' replied she, 'drop a shilling,
and a piece of paper, from my bed-room win-
dow upon a lawn, and request that you will
observe which of them reaches the ground
first; and if I am not much mistaken, you
will find that the coin will strike the earth
before the paper has performed half its journey.'

Tom appeared perplexed, and cast an in-
quiring look at his father.

'Come,' said Mr. Seymour, 'I will perform
this experiment myself, and endeavor to sat-
isfy the doubts of our young sceptic; but I
must first take the opportunity to observe,
that I am never better pleased than when
you attempt to raise difficulties in my way,
and I hope you will express them without re-
serve.'

'Here, then, is a penny piece; and here,'
said Tom, 'is a piece of paper.'

'Which,' continued Mr. Seymour, 'we will
cut into a corresponding shape and size.' This
having been accomplished, he held the coin
in one hand, and the paper disc in the other,
and dropped them at the same instant.

'There! there!' cried Louisa, with an air
of triumph; 'the coin reached the ground long
before the paper.'

'I allow,' said Mr. Seymour, 'that there
was a distinct interval in favor of the penny
piece; and he proceeded to explain the cause
of it. He stated that the result was not con-
trary to the law of gravitation, since it arose
from the interference of a foreign body, the
air, to the resistance of which it was to be at-
tributed; and he desired them to consider the
particles of a falling body as being under the
influence of two opposing forces,—gravity, &
the air's resistance. Louisa argued, that the
air could only act on the surface of a body,
and as this was equal in both cases (the size
of the paper being exactly the same as that
of the penny piece,) she could not see why
the resistance of the air should not also be
equal in both cases.

'I admit,' said Mr. Seymour, 'that the air
can only act upon the surface of a falling
body, and this is the very reason of the pa-
per meeting with more resistance than the
coin; for the latter, for its greater density,
must contain a great many more particles
than the paper, and upon which the air can-
not possibly exert any action; whereas almost
every particle of the paper may be said to be
exposed to its resistance, the fall of the
latter must therefore be more retarded than
that of the former body.'

At this explanation Louisa's doubts began
to clear off, and they were ultimately dis-
sipated on Mr. Seymour performing a modifica-
tion of the above experiment in the following
manner. He placed the disc of paper in
close contact with the upper part of the coin,
and, in this position, dropped them from his
hand. They both reached the ground at the
same instant.

'Are you now satisfied, my dear Louisa?'
asked her father: 'you perceive that, by plac-
ing the paper in contact with the coin, I
screened it from the action of the air, and the
result is surely conclusive.'

'Many thanks to you, dear papa; I am
perfectly satisfied, and shall feel less confi-
dent for the future.' Tom was delighted;
for, as he said, he could now understand why
John's paper parachute descended so deliber-
ately to the ground; he could also explain
why feathers, and other light bodies, floated

the surface of the earth, must, in every case,
determine that circumstance; but Mr. Sey-
mour excited his surprise by saying, that it
would not be influenced by either of those
conditions; he informed them, for instance,
that a cannon ball, and a marble, would fall
through the same number of feet in a given
time, and that, whether the experiment were
tried from the top of a house, or from the
summit of Saint Paul's, the same result would
be obtained.

'I am quite sure,' exclaimed Tom, 'that in
the *Conversations on Natural Philosophy*, it is
positively stated, that attraction is always in
proportion to the quantity of matter.'

'Yes,' observed Louisa, 'and it is more-
over asserted, that the attraction diminishes as
the distances increase.'

Mr. Seymour said, that he perceived the
error under which his children labored, and
that he would endeavor to remove it. 'You
cannot, my dears,' continued he, 'divest your
mind of that erroneous but natural feeling,
that a body necessarily falls to the ground
without the exertion of any force; whereas
the greater the quantity of matter, the greater
must be the force exerted to bring it to the
earth: for instance, a substance which weighs
a hundred pounds will thus require just ten
times more force than one which only weighs
ten pounds; and hence it must follow, that
both will come to the ground at the same mo-
ment; for, although, in the one case, there
is ten times more matter, there is, at the same
time, ten times more attraction to overcome
its resistance; for you have already admitted
that the force of attraction is always in pro-
portion to the quantity of matter: now let us
only for an instant, for the sake merely of
argument, suppose that attraction had been a
force acting without any regard to quantity of
matter, is it not evident that, in such a case,
the body containing the largest quantity would
be the slowest in falling to the earth?'

'I understand you, papa,' cried Tom; 'if
an empty wagon travelled four miles an hour,
and were afterwards so loaded as to have its
weight doubled, it could only travel at the
rate of two miles in the same period, provid-
ed that in both cases the horses exerted the
same strength.'

'Exactly,' said Mr. Seymour; 'and to fol-
low up your illustration, it is only necessary
to state that Nature, like a considerate mas-
ter, apportions the number of horses to the
burthen that is to be moved, so that her loads
whatever may be the weight, always travel
at the same rate; or, to express the fact in
philosophical instead of figurative language,
gravitation, or the force of the earth's attrac-
tion, always increases as the quantity of mat-
ter, and, consequently, that heavy and light
bodies, when dropped together from the same
altitude, must come to the ground at the same
instant of time.'

Louisa had listened with great attention to
this explanation; and although she thorough-
ly understood the argument, yet it appeared
to her at variance with so many facts with
which she was acquainted, that she could not
give implicit credence to it.

'I think, papa,' said the archly smiling girl,
'I could overturn this fine argument by a
very simple experiment.'

'Indeed! Miss Seppie: then pray proceed;
and I think we shall find that the more stren-
uously you oppose it, the more powerful it
will become: but let us hear your objec-
tions.'

'I shall only,' replied she, 'drop a shilling,
and a piece of paper, from my bed-room win-
dow upon a lawn, and request that you will
observe which of them reaches the ground
first; and if I am not much mistaken, you
will find that the coin will strike the earth
before the paper has performed half its journey.'

Tom appeared perplexed, and cast an in-
quiring look at his father.

'Come,' said Mr. Seymour, 'I will perform
this experiment myself, and endeavor to sat-
isfy the doubts of our young sceptic; but I
must first take the opportunity to observe,
that I am never better pleased than when
you attempt to raise difficulties in my way,
and I hope you will express them without re-
serve.'

'Here, then, is a penny piece; and here,'
said Tom, 'is a piece of paper.'

'Which,' continued Mr. Seymour, 'we will
cut into a corresponding shape and size.' This
having been accomplished, he held the coin
in one hand, and the paper disc in the other,
and dropped them at the same instant.

'There! there!' cried Louisa, with an air
of triumph; 'the coin reached the ground long
before the paper.'

'I allow,' said Mr. Seymour, 'that there
was a distinct interval in favor of the penny
piece; and he proceeded to explain the cause
of it. He stated that the result was not con-
trary to the law of gravitation, since it arose
from the interference of a foreign body, the
air, to the resistance of which it was to be at-
tributed; and he desired them to consider the
particles of a falling body as being under the
influence of two opposing forces,—gravity, &
the air's resistance. Louisa argued, that the
air could only act on the surface of a body,
and as this was equal in both cases (the size
of the paper being exactly the same as that
of the penny piece,) she could not see why
the resistance of the air should not also be
equal in both cases.

<

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOM TRICK.

[Translated from the French of Mole-Gentilhomme.]
BY HORACE B. WESTER.

(Continued.)

You have done well to promise, said your father to John, when the messenger had retired, for Tom Trick is at your service; and if you like, I will take your place and relieve you from this unpleasant task. This will amuse me.

John consented, and Burk went to find Tom Trick. I know not what terrible suspicion stole into my mind, but I thought that I ought to watch him. I went up to the top of the roof of John's barn, and thrust my head out, and notwithstanding the darkness which momentarily increased, I lost not a movement of Burk. His countenance breathed forth of fury and revenge, his lips muttered words of hatred and cursing. And besides, George, my eyes have not deceived me, I am sure that Burk is armed! He now is waiting for Lord Graham.

Oh! Hannah, you have well divined! it is a crime which he is meditating. How to prevent it, oh, my God!

I have thought of that, said Hannah. Come with me; I will give you a coarse plaid, which belongs to John Care; throw it over your shoulders. I will present you as a traveler; you can take your place with Burk. He will not recognize you.

This plan was executed as soon as conceived. They ran to John Care's, and from thence to meet Burk Stane.

Let this poor man ride with you, said Hannah, leading George forward; John Care recommended him to you. He lives very near Loch-fall.

Burk could not refuse. George mounted without waiting for his consent.

It was time to set out. Lord Graham and his daughter were already seated in the carriage, and in despair at their late departure. The rain descended violently, and Lucy longed to behold the large gate of the castle of Loch-fall, for at this moment ominous forebodings crossed her mind, and a mysterious voice breathed in her ear strange apprehensions.

At length they started. They passed silently through the village. Not a trace of the fête was left; every house was closed, but they could perceive here and there, through some low windows, the gayest dancers unclashing their dresses, and throwing in the corner their too soon faded bouquets.

The rain, that merciless enemy of rural pleasures, had swallowed in its torrent all the joy, all the decorations of the fête.

The carriage rolled on. The sounds of the wheels reverberating among the deep excavations of the mountains of Stone Byres, filled the soul of Lucy with new terrors. The man who came last addressed not a word to him, who held the reins, but fixed his eye constantly upon him. An attentive observer had suspected, perhaps, the meaning of his dreadful silence: he would have learned from the interrupted respiration of the one, and the immovable calmness of the other, that a great tempest was approaching, and that there was a river ready to overflow its banks and sweep all before it. There are moments at night where silence is horrible, and impossible to be endured, and when it evokes, by the aid of the imagination, frightful phantoms, which it knows not how to allay. At times, when lost in this world of hallucinations, we may dissipate the charm by speaking aloud. We must hear ourselves speak to be convinced that we are still among the living, and as soon as the voice falls upon the air, our fears are gone, because strength and reason resume their sway. It was thus with Miss Graham. The chilling silence terrified her; she had the courage the first to break it.

Where are we, my father? Do you think that we are approaching Loch-fall?

On my honor, my dear Lucy, you know as well as I. I have never seen a night so dark. The rain falls in torrents, and the wind is so strong, that I much fear that after having extinguished the bonfires of the village, it has also extinguished the stars. Not a ray of light above or below! The heaven and earth are one.

You deceive yourself, my father, said Lucy, for I see very distinctly on this side a bluish light, on the right side of the road.

Truly, replied the Earl, and as we advance towards it, this light increases. Ah! added he, after a moment's reflection, and in the tone of one who recalls to mind a forgotten remembrance, I know what it is; but, by Saint George, Lucy, I will not tell you, and you may divine it if you can. It will divert your mind. Ah, well! Can you not guess?

Not at all.

Since your wits are so dull, said Lord Graham, trouble me no more, and content yourself with contemplating this imposing spectacle, which closes finely this day's fête; it is, however, but the fulfilment of an order given by myself, this morning, to the gardener of Loch-fall. I am satisfied in seeing that it has been punctually executed.

An order—by you—my father?

Certainly, by me. But instead of questioning me, look there, look, Lucy, and tell me if this night picture does not far surpass all the views which you have ever admired?

Never, indeed, had a scene more horribly beautiful flitted through the eye of Lucy. A lurid glare dazzled through the darkness of the boundless wild. The lightning of the forest responded to the lightning of the heavens. Two fires raged together.

My father said Lucy, with an impatient gesture, why subject my curiosity to such an useless proof? I have attempted, but I cannot discover from whence these flames proceed.

That should have been an easy task for you, replied Lord Graham; for I have on this occasion but conformed to your wishes. You have wished the pardon of Burk Stane, and I have granted it. But in sparing the tiger, I have promised myself to destroy his den, that he may no more come to prowl around Loch-fall. So, to-morrow morning, before departing for Edinburgh, I hope to see nothing more, in the place of this cursed hut, but a few ashes, and the smoke, which shall tell to Burk and his companions that expiation has passed this way!

At these last words, the man who conducted them, turned round, and drew himself up to his full height, before Lord Graham. Lucy uttered a piercing cry.

You speak of expiation, exclaimed Burk in a voice of thunder. Think, then, of that which England demands of you for the plagues which you have caused her. Have you, then, forgotten that we are the saints, and you are ungodly? Heaven opens to him who rides it from an enemy, and I would gain heaven! Prepare to die.

At this moment the moon appeared from behind a cloud, and threw its rays upon the carbine which Burk pointed at Lord Graham. It was a quick, sudden, brilliant light, which sent a cold shudder through the Earl and his daughter. Death stared them in the face. But in the interval of this minute—in less than a minute—this second, they had time to despair and to hope, to die and to come to life again. The blow was indeed lost; and when Lord Graham and Lucy, mute with horror and affright, dared to open their eyes, which the instinct of danger had closed, they saw the companion of Burk holding in one hand the reins, and in the other the carbine which he had wrested from the infuriated Highlander.

Whosoever thou art, muttered Burk, whose rage had maddened him, whoever thou art, vile serpent, who art come to interpose by surprise, between the sword and his victim, thy triumph shall not be long, and I will have my turn.

Stop, cried the Earl, we wish to alight—You shall not descend, replied the Covenantant, with an infernal expression; you shall not descend, You believe yourself saved. Behold now!!

The reins were cut by Burk Stane. The horse was free. A second time the terrible image of death re-produced itself before the eyes of the Earl and his daughter. All was ended, or rather all was to be ended. This agony might endure for an hour, perhaps longer; in a word, so long as the hand of Providence should direct the steps of the horse, left to himself to follow the windings and turnings of this dangerous road.

The blinded Puritan loved rather to perish in his task, than to renounce it—all four might now address their prayers to God. All four were equally near death, which certainly would make no exception. At this moment of death, each indulged his dearest thoughts. It was an internal, silent concert of heart-rending adieus to friends, to things, to remembrances. Lucy above all, poor Lucy, whose heart was so full of the past, and so eager for the future; Lucy, who had scarcely entered upon life, in a low voice, asked heaven what was her crime, that it had sent her to a death like this, death in a night so dark, so terrible—only dashing us against the rocks—to give our mangled bodies to the raging waves. The Earl had but one thought—one word escaped his lips: Lucy! His eyes were fastened upon her. The father would die in gazing on his daughter.

The tempest redoubled its fury: the branches violently torn from the tops of the trees, whizzed frightfully through the air like arrows. Spectres multiplied under the clear light of the moon, and the summits of the rocks reflected on the plain, portrayed a thousand fantastic shadows, which appeared as if animated. The voices of the night, usually tender and melancholy, were tumultuously blended in a hymn of despair. There were fearful sighs, groans of the breaking heart, all one concord of farewells. The sighing of the storm responded to these gloomy voices. The wind wept.

Tom Trick frightened, became unmanageable. The wheels grazed the edge of the precipice; he stopped and awaited his fate. Suddenly the unknown arose. A hundred paces from him the road turned abruptly, and without doubt, the instinct of Tom Trick became powerless.

My Lord, cried the unknown in a solemn voice, pray to God, and your daughter shall be saved!

Burk recognized the voice of George; he stopped mute with terror, and followed with his eye all his movements. George quickly seized with his left hand the carbine which he and wrested from his father, loaded it, aimed it at Tom Trick, who fell dead on the spot.

They were three feet from the abyss. The shock was so great, that Burk was hurled afar upon the rocks. George threw himself after him imploring pardon. Burk Stane was dead.

A wild phrensy seized upon George, and gave to his grief all the wildness of a gloomy madness. He conjured his father to speak to him; and as the corpse remained mute and motionless, he dashed his head against the rocks, and called, upon himself also, death to his rescue. Lucy pitied him, and taking him by the hand,

George, said she, you must quit this country; we leave to-morrow for Edinburgh, come with us.

George, on hearing these words, thought that heaven opened before him. Lucy had never ventured so much. He turned his eyes upon the two victims stretched upon the ground, and pressing with phrensy the hand of the maiden, kissed it, saying in a sad voice, I will go—I will go.

A peasant passed at this moment; under the advice of George, Lord Graham charged him to go to Stone Byres, and carry to John Care the news of the catastrophe. The young Highlander would tarry by his father; but Lucy persuaded him to accompany them immediately to Loch-fall. Before parting, he knelt down once before his father in tears, and embraced Tom Trick.

An hour afterwards, John Care, Hannah, and some villagers from Stone Byres, guided by the peasant, arrived at the spot, where the event had taken place.

They carried away Burk Stane. Two peasants, with the aid of stakes, removed the horse, and dragged him to the edge of the road, in order to throw him into the torrent. Hannah took old John aside, whispered a few words in his ear, then approached the poor animal, and dismissing with a motion of her hand those who had followed,

Thanks for your kindness, said she, thanks; John and I will take charge of Tom Trick.

V.

THE END OF THE DREAM.

Charles the 2nd was at last seated on that throne, which had been so violently shaken. Every where the authority of the king was recognized. Still the ferment of discord had not entirely subsided, and under the yet glowing embers of the suppressed revolution were concealed more than one living spark. There were no longer pitched battles, but single combats, the number of which increased beyond measure, daily removed from the two camps some of their most active supporters.

The conflict of party with party had become a conflict of man with man.

Such was the state of things in Edinburgh when Lord Graham arrived there with his daughter. The noble Earl, the living remembrance of the glorious, ill-fated Montrose, was received with open arms by all the members of the Scottish aristocracy, whom the restoration of Charles had reinstated in their ancient possessions. Lucy surrendered her self to the pleasure of once more beholding this beautiful city—the city of her birth. As to George, having become the privy secretary of Lord Graham, and thrown into a new world of enticements, he was elated with hope, the distant splendor of which he delighted to contemplate, not knowing what future was reserved to his love, but enjoying with delight the sweet uncertainty of the present.

One day George met Sir Horace Ashley at the moment of his leaving Lord Graham. These two persons had never had any sympathy for each other; but a perfect congeniality of opinion established between them one of those common friendships, so usual at periods of commotion. Horace was occupied & did not see George. But the latter, already excited by the attentions of the Captain in the mansion of the Earl, became confused, and not knowing how to explain it, felt the pangs of jealousy arising in his heart; he redoubled his speed. Jealousy gave him courage, and he formed a bold purpose. He would ask from Lucy an explanation.

He entered. Miss Graham with down-cast look, appeared overpowered by the weight of a bitter emotion. As soon as she perceived George, she eagerly approached him, offered to him her hand, and begged him to be seated.

You arrive opportunely, she said, and it seems that God has chosen you to assist me even in the midst of my troubles—George, I have still a favor to implore from your devotion—

This beginning necessarily quieted the mind of George. Instead of speaking he listened.

It is a sad reality, continued she, with tears in her eyes, that of a city the day after a revolution. We consider the enemy dead; he is only stunned. We think of peace, and this peace is only war in disguise; none will except the title of vanquished, and sign the truce in good faith. The victors must always keep their hands on the hilt of their swords. Only imagine, Mr. George, that this morning, Sir Horace passed with my father before the tavern of the Minstrels. The windows shook under the shouts of the bacchanals, and mysterious toasts were exchanged. One of these men, whom they called, I believe, O'Neal, known by his obstinate adherence to the covenant, called to Sir Horace, and presented to him a glass, forcing him to join in the toast to the league of the saints. The only reply Sir Horace made to him, was by throwing his glove in his face, and a meeting will take place at day break.

Ah, well! said George, who trembled to comprehend the depth of Lucy's thoughts. Well, replied she, without perceiving the emotion of George, my father affirms that the skill of O'Neal is unparalleled, and that if Sir Horace meets him, he will be killed!

And how can I be of service to him?

Can I tell? said Lucy, struck by the coldness of George's manner; and do you not perceive that I have told this, because that I was here alone, to suffer, to think, to fear, and that a confidence would console me? I have, indeed, been told that there is nothing to be done—but should I be deceived in hoping from you some words of consolation?

No; oh! no, replied George tenderly. But you are then much interested in Sir Horace? As it is natural that I should be interested in the husband which my father has chosen for me.

And you love him? passionately exclaimed George.

Wherefore should I not love him? We have grown up under the same roof; under the same eyes; he is my brother, and I am his sister.

Ah! Yes—I understand—Sir Horace must be your husband, and you will not have him die, wildly exclaimed George. Well, Sir Horace shall not die—at least I will do all that I can to save him. O'Neal is skilful! so much the better. Pardon me; did you not say that this quarrel took place at the tavern of the Minstrels?

Certainly, Mr. George. But what is the matter with you?

With me, said George, starting back in dismay, oh! nothing! I do not know! I had hoped, hoped—I thought—I thought not—I hoped not—I am only very wretched.

Adieu, Miss Lucy, adieu. Pray for Sir Horace Ashley.

He hurried away. The astonishment of Lucy was at its height. She went to the window and watched him, till he was out of sight. He never turned his head.

He is unhappy, thought she. Unhappy! George went to the tavern, called for a pot of ale, and asked the landlord if O'Neal would come in during the day.

He'll not stay away, replied Wilson, the landlord. O'Neal is one of my best customers. He only goes away to sleep. He has now gone to get his arms, which he needs in the morning; this makes me think that it is his intention to sleep in the ale-house; a very excellent intention, of which I heartily approve—stop he is just here.

George heard loud voices and shouts of laughter, and suddenly, a motley group burst into the tavern, the tables were immediately attacked, and the pots of beer passed from hand to hand.

The landlord bent down to the ear of George, and said to him:

Do you see that large black looking fellow, with cropped hair, and who wears the buff body belt, the black shoulder belt, and brass hited sword of the old soldiers of Cromwell? That is O'Neal. He would rather die than have a doublet of silk and single knot of ribbons. In your place, I would not stay here for, frankly, your dress may excite offence.

Of a truth! replied George with a smile, which made the officious adviser groan; I shall be anxious to know what the virtuous O'Neal thinks of my dress, for his displeases me and my answer shall be ready.

Wilson thought it prudent not to pursue the conversation, and stepped aside.

I have foretold you, cried O'Neal loudly, that I will cut them down one after another, as the sickle of the reaper cut down the ears of corn. I know well that in the end I shall meet—who knows?—a raised axe, perhaps, that of the executioner of Charles; and that

then I shall have nothing to do, but to break my sword, and pray to God. But on high an exact account of my sacrifices is kept, and there I shall be rewarded. Already Wilstad, Richard Holmes, Downing, and Ralph, have paid with their lives the hated triumph of impiety. To-morrow will be Sir Horace Ashley's turn—that fop who perfumes his battle-gloves, and is, as is said, exposed to the niece of Montrose. On my conscience, I do not think that the nuptials of Sir Horace will be celebrated in this world.

Why not?

These two words, evidently spoken in irony, came from the farthest corner of the tavern. All the Puritans turned around.—George arose.

To whom spoke that fool? said O'Neal scornfully.

To yourself, replied George warmly, violently throwing a glove in his face. A dull groan of rage passed among the companions of O'Neal. George replied calmly: That glove is perfumed like that of Sir Horace's. See, Mr. O'Neal, an occasion to contrast the strength of the effeminate fops with that of the robust Puritans. To the work then!—You have your sword, I have mine. Let us go.

Less haste, I pray you. I am engaged. Sir Horace is first in order. It is right that he should die before you.

All day is impossible. I quit Edinburgh this night.

This madcap probably has troubles, said O'Neal to his friends with a smile of mockery, and he seeks for one who would free him of life. I am too courteous to refuse him this little favor. At your service, sir! Here, Wilson, prepare for us a good supper.

The crowd went out in silence from the tavern of the Minstrels. They selected for the place of combat the sea shore. It was there that O'Neal had established the theatre of his exploits.

While these things were passing, Lucy, astonished at her own blindness, attempted to call to mind the minute circumstances of the conduct of George at Stone Byres. Loch-fall, and Edinburgh. This examination from her new point of view, revealed to her as by enchantment, the hidden meaning of that devotion so tender, of that self-sacrifice so unbounded. The last event of the same day removed her last doubt, and explained all. She received from Stone Byres a note signed by old John Care. The poor old man, who knew Miss Graham only by reputation, was emboldened to address her directly, in order to save his adopted child, the only being attached to him in this world. Hannah, said he, was dying from desire to hear from George, but she dared not write to him herself.—The old man had more courage than the child. The letter ended thus:

"Since George went with your father, my lady, he has not sent us a word of remembrance. He has forgotten Stone Byres, where he was born; Stone Byres, where he was loved; yes, my lady, where he was loved—for that sweet Hannah, whom you have often seen with eyes so bright, and cheeks so red, is now pale and sad, as if the approach of death had blighted her. The few last days she has suffered much, and has not left her bed; but I see that all my attentions are in vain; all my watchings useless, for her disease is in her heart. To-day Hannah is better, but I cannot hope. It is not her body, but her mind which is dying. Love is the holy flame which alone can re-animate her. Pardon me, therefore, my lady, if I implore your aid. They tell me that you are good, and to see you is the proof. I have written to George; he has not answered me. It is in my despair, that I invoke your pity! That George may renounce his dreams of ambition; that he may return, and Hannah will be saved."

The perusal of this note plunged Lucy into the depths of gloomy thoughts, and for a long time she knew not what resolution to take. She knew well, that she had but to speak to be obeyed; should she then, command George to go or to remain?

She was interrupted in her reflections by the arrival of her father and Sir Horace. Great news, said Lord Graham, Horace will not fight to-morrow.

Indeed! and why?

Because his adversary is no more, answered Horace.

George has killed him, added Lord Graham.

Lucy would speak, the words died upon her lips. Lord Graham and Horace praised the courage of George, and Sir Horace related all the details of the combat, at which he was present.

The evening came; Lucy retired early to her chamber. There, turning her solitude to profit, she thought of the past, consulted the future, interrogated her own heart, and after a long reflection, she concluded to write; but first pronounced these words, which absorbed her whole thought. I love Horace; but it is George, George only who is the master of my destiny.

Meanwhile, the rumor of the tragical death of O'Neal reached Edinburgh. The death of O'Neal, cried the superstitious Covenanters, is the veil of desolation, which is drawn over this accursed land. O'Neal dead, the covenant is lost forever.

And, then, added Wilson, with a sorrowful tone, I am at the expense of my supper; nothing is left for me but to close my shop.

VI.

LUCY GRAHAM TO GEORGE.

"I have divined all. You loved me, and never dared to tell me! Oh! would that I had learned it before. Foolish that I was, I offered you my hand; and without meaning it, I encouraged you to follow, to serve, to love me. Far from reproaching you, I pity you, George, for you are not to blame, and all the wrong is on my own head. Consider this letter then, as an explanation, which is as necessary to you as to me. It is a frank confession. Listen, then, and judge me."

"Yes, George, I repeat it, for I would not deceive, I love Horace, and I am loved by him. Our union has been the dream of our youth, and our separation will be to us a cruel pang, for that long hope, in identifying itself with ourselves, has thrown into our hearts, if not the glowing warmth of passion, at least the sweet certainty of anticipated happiness. But, I would not conceal it from you, my heart as far as I know it, is divided between you. Horace has claims upon me more tender and older than you; you have also those more sacred than his."

"And, in truth, who then has saved us from certain destruction on our arrival in Scotland. Who was always there when dan-

ger menaced us, and has incessantly interposed between us and our enemies? Who then now suffers for us without a murmur the gnawing remorse of a parricide? To whom do we owe life, to whom happiness? O, George this debt is enormous, and whatsoever will be the price which you set upon your devotion, we shall be ready to pay."

"A word has revealed your wishes. You are unhappy because I love another. You are so wretched that you have sought death in an unequal combat. What reward do you desire for so great a sacrifice? Is it the title of son and husband? Neither I nor my father have the right to refuse it to you. If, therefore, I have rightly understood your wishes—come. My father will open his arms to receive you. Sir Horace, at my prayer, will yield to you. For myself, if my friendship cannot turn to love, it shall at least have the appearance of it, it shall fulfil all its duties."

"But after yielding to the surprise, which this declaration will cause you, after rejoicing in the certain prospect of a happiness, which you have only tremblingly hoped for, think not lightly, Mr. George, of those whom your happiness will crush, and whose misery will be your work! I speak not of Sir Horace, that would be to appeal from your love to your generosity; it does not become me to subject you to such a proof, which too much resembles a stratagem. I speak not of myself; that would be giving to a very natural action the appearance of a sacrifice. I would speak of those, whom you have left at Stone Byres, and to whom you are bound by attachment, by memory, perhaps by a vow. Reflect well upon this, for it is not enough to be happy, we must beware of cruelty; and when Divine Goodness permits us to leave the arid desert, and enter the shady flowery path, we should not forget, George to cast behind us one farewell look, to be sure that we leave not upon the burning sand some poor creature, who had attached her life to our own, kneeling, upon arms outstretched to heaven, and crying after us, and whose cry is only the echo of a broken vow. Do you not understand me, George. Open the note enclosed in my letter, and you will understand me. That note came from Stone Byres, and is signed by old John Care; it is the inquiry of Hannah. Read, two futures await you. Two happinesses are offered to you. Choose."

VII.

GEORGE STANE TO LUCY GRAHAM.

"I have asked of my love: it has told me to stay! my reason; it has not replied; God! He has commanded me to go. I go."

"The happiness which you offer does not blind me: you love Horace. It does not make me cruel I go to find Hannah. 'Alas! I need strength to flee at the moment when you call me. But I feel that my safety is there. It seems to me, that if I accepted that noble sacrifice, I should be ashamed of myself, and of the principles which I value. May you be happy; Miss Lucy. The thought of your happiness will console me in my retirement. Besides, I shall not part without a token from your letter. It has revealed to me the beauty of your soul; it has raised me, even to you. I will reread it with pride. Farewell."

VIII.

THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

George knew that Lord Graham rose early; he went to meet him before any one had arisen in the castle.

The Earl thought at first that he was prosecuting some urgent business, and the troubled air of George confirmed him in this opinion. What is the matter? he anxiously inquired.

Nothing which should alarm you, replied George I leave immediately; and I come to bid you farewell.

You leave! You George! But you do not mean so! To leave at the moment when you are about to receive the reward of your services; but it is not possible!

It is indispensable, my Lord. In an hour I shall be far from Edinburgh.

In an hour! This haste must have a cause; and that cause I have a right to know. Let us see, George, have I wronged you? Has any one here, incurred your displeasure?

No one—said George, warmly—no one, and least of all, you, my Lord.

Very well, said Lord Graham, seizing him affectionately by the hand; for I loved you as a son, and have always treated you as such. Since my arrival at Edinburgh, all my exertions, all my efforts, all my plans, have been for you. I have told you nothing, because I would joyfully surprise you. I must soon be taken myself to the court of Charles. You know this; but what you did not know, is, that I would not go without you. That was my first condition; Lord Clarendon has granted all. And will you go when my friendship secures your future prospects?

I will depart, murmured George.

And do you refuse me all explanation?

That explanation is your due, my Lord; but it is Miss Lucy Graham who will give it to you.

An hour after this interview, George left Edinburgh with less regret, perhaps, than he had expected. The tender frankness of Lucy had recalled him to himself; he began to read his own heart more clearly. It seemed to him, that like an exile who returns to his father's hearth, he breathed with more freedom. As he advanced, he felt the fever of ambition and of love subsiding. As the spires of the city were lost in the mist, and tops of the mountains rose in the horizon, the image of Lucy disappeared before that of Hannah. He arrived at Lanark at nightfall; he wished to take some repose, but impatience so cruelly rent his heart that he found it impossible to close his eyes. His veins swelled, his blood circulated painfully, his restlessness had all the signs of fever. At length the day appeared; he ceased to suffer. At five o'clock in the morning, he left Lanark, and soon he hailed with childlike joy, the admirable road to Stone Byres—he beheld again that land, adorned with recollections, those mountains which still reached his prayers, and all his griefs were absorbed in the sudden realization of his new hopes. When he saw from afar the blue smoke curling above the roofs of Stone Byres, he began to slacken his pace; this pleasure was so great, that it made him wait for the other with mere resignation. The hill where he had so often met Hannah, rose about a mile, like a lofty grove, with its tall poplars, waving in the breeze, and mirroring themselves in the Clyde; and already sending to him soft and mysterious sounds, which none knew, or could know, and which he received silently into his heart. To him, na-

ture appeared at this dear hour, to be clothed in a splendid starry robe—every thing, to his eyes, was joy, happiness, enchantment; he was every where, in the undulation of the plain, in the warbling of the birds; and he thought of seeing on the mountain side, Hannah seated on the grass, thoughtful and melancholy, as on the day when he accompanied his father, for the first time, to the castle of Loch-fall. (Concluded on 2d page.)

TO FAMILIES & INVALIDS.

The following indispensable family remedies may be found at the village drug store, and soon at every country store in the state. Remember and never get them unless they have the fac-simile signature of

Comstock & Co. on the wrapper, as all others by the same names are base imitations and counterfeits. If the nearest nearest you have them, urge him to procure them at 71 Maiden Lane, the next time he visits New York, or to write for them. No family should be a week without these remedies.

BALDNESS

BALM OF COLUMBIA, FOR THE HAIR, which will stop it if falling out, or restore it on bald places; and on children make it grow rapidly, or on those who have lost the hair from any cause.

ALL VERMIN that infest the heads of children in schools, are prevented or killed by it at once. Find the name of *Comstock & Co.* on it, or never try it. Remember this always.

RHEUMATISM, and LAMENESS

positively cured, and all shrivelled muscles and limbs are restored, in the old or young, by the *Linus Vegetable Elixir* and *Nerve and Bone Liniment*—but never without the name of Comstock & Co. on it.

PILES &c

are wholly prevented, or governed if the attack has come on, if you use the *only* *HAT'S* LINIMENT, from *Comstock & Co.* **ALL SORES** and every thing relieved by it that admits of an outward application. It acts like a charm. Use it.

HORSES

that have Ring-Bone, Spavin, Wind-Galls, &c., are cured by *Roots' Scurvy*; and *Foundered* horses entirely cured by *Roots' Founder Ointment*. Mark this, all horsemen.